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## THE REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS.

FROM THE "HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS," IN  
THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Acting upon our avowed determination not to meddle with politics or religion in the conducting of the Dublin Penny Journal, we have conscientiously abstained from noticing any of those periodicals which may be considered as the organ of a party, however talented or deserving of encouragement, considered in a literary point of view. Having, however, observed in several of the recent numbers of the Dublin University Magazine, articles which must be interesting to Irish readers generally, we have been induced to copy one of them into our little work; and we feel persuaded, that the following account of the "Rebellion of Silken Thomas," will be read with a kind of melancholy pleasure by every description of reader. For the opinions put into the mouths of some of the actors by the author, in scenes he has represented, we do not hold ourselves accountable. We may observe, by the way, that the story is one of a number related in order to while away the time during the imprisonment of Henry Roe O'Donnell, and several other youths, in Dublin Castle, some short time after the period of the rebellion referred to.

"Come, then, Turlogh Buy," cried Hugh, "tell us how *Tomás-an-teeda*, the bold Fitzgerald, set our Saxon lords by the ears in the late king's reign."

"With all the veins of my heart, noble princes," replied Turlogh; "and the readier, because I know a tale made on that very event, by a gentleman who was present in it. It will be a longer story than I have told you yet; for it contains the fortunes of some others, besides the arch rebel himself."

"It is a pity the Clan-Gerald was not of Irish blood," said Hugh; "they have ever been a race of brave gentlemen, and sharp thorns in the side of the invaders."

"They are more Irish than English, by ten generations to one," replied Henry; "and it is the same with Mac William Burk, and the Clan Butler. But let us to our tale; and, Turlogh, take time, and run it not into such close compass as to lose the best of your matter, as you did in the Captive of Killeslin. *Dar Columb!* your knight and lady had not words enough together to justify a colleen's courtship with a *buachal na mo!*"

"Ah, noble Henry," cried the old man, "'tis long since I sat, myself, by the side of a colleen dhas, talking the sweet words of honey that I spoke too easily ever to remember:—it is not what a man says readiest in the reality, that he tells freest in its recounting. Could your nobleness repeat all that the *duine Uaisle Oge* said to the daughter of Mac Mahon that summer evening in the wood of Truagh, when?"

"Say no more, Turlogh," cried Henry, blushing; "I'll let you off with the courtship; for I see O'Donnell burning to be at blows, and my brother Art longing to hear of the silk jackets of *Tomás-an-teeda's* gallowglass."

"Then we will suppose the courtship over, and introduce the lovers without more ado," said Turlogh with a smile, and addressed himself to his tale.

"In Dublin, near to Dame's Gate, lived, in 1554, a wealthy merchant, by name Paul Dudley. His house, built on the bank of the Liffey, overlooked a wharf at which one or more of his barques might usually be seen receiving or discharging cargo. Merchandize and nautical stores lay piled or scattered about the busy area of the court-yard, and the arched entrance resounded to the tramp of draught horses and the rattling of ponderous waggon wheels. Thus, towards the river, all was business and bustle; but southward, between his house and the secluded street it fronted, was a quiet garden, well planted and enclosed, and stretching in broad parterres and deep shrubberies almost to the city wall.

"It was a bright June morning, and the sun shone sweetly on the flowers and foliage; the birds sang in every tree; and a thrush, notwithstanding the presence of two persons on the rustic bench below, warbled loudly from

her accustomed branch, over the great honeysuckle arbour. The occupants of the summer-house were a young man and fair girl; they had sat there so long, that the birds were grown familiar with them. They were lovers, as the maiden's conscious blushes and the eager looks of the cavalier confessed. Their loves were sanctioned, for they betrayed no clandestine apprehension; their looks were those of two of heaven's most favoured creatures, perfectly happy in mutual confidence and affection.

"And now, my sweet Ellen," said the wooer, "now that I have heard from your own lips that you are mine for ever, my joy is so complete, that I think I can never be unhappy again."

"Indeed, Sir John," said his companion, "I knew not that you were unhappy; had you known my heart, you would have had little cause to be so."

"Dear Ellen," he cried, "you make me belie myself: I am again unhappy; for I feel that you suspect me of having doubted you. No, dearest, I could not distrust your true heart; I could never fear for you; but I confess I did dread, lest, in my absence, some other might find means to influence your father against our union; and although I would deem myself rich enough in your love alone, to disregard all other fortunes for my own part, yet, trust me, I would rather see my right hand cut off, than know you subjected to one harsh word or unkind look from your parent on my account. If that villain, Parex, has poisoned your father's ear, as I have reason to suspect, I vow by Saint Bernard!"

"Thou hast been deceived:—in sooth, Sir John, and on my word, some one hath belied my father to thee," cried the lady earnestly; "Master Parex's suit sped not worse with me than with my father. He is a plain man, and a trader!"

"Nay, dear Ellen, forgive me," said the knight; "I feel I have done your father wrong; he has still shown himself a kind friend to me; and doubt of his good-will could never have found a place in my thoughts, if I had not been at a distance from you; for when absent from you, Ellen, there was but one bright image in my mind: all the rest was dark and wretched."

"I have long wished, Sir John," said the lady, scarcely attending to all the knight had addressed to her, "to tell thee more of my father; and, I pray thee, think me not importunate to dwell on this. Indeed, Sir John, thou knowest him not. They say he hath preferred thee to others, for the sake of ennobling his riches by thy lineage; indeed they do him great wrong. He loves thee for thyself; believe me he doth. He is not a man to make many fair professions; but, blunt as thou hast thought him, he bears a warm and a true heart towards thee. It was but yesterday I heard him urge thy deserts on the Archbishop, with whom he has much influence."

"Dear Ellen," said the knight, "I feel it all, and love you the better for what you have said. For your father's good offices with the Archbishop, he has my gratitude; but I fear the friend of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald has little chance of favour with the old enemy of Kildare. I would I knew how the brave earl speeds at the court of England!"

"I know little of the cause of anger between the Archbishop and the Lord Deputy," said the lady; "but I have heard such whispers among the Primate's friends who frequent my father's house, for loans and aids of ships and merchandize, as make me tremble, both for the Earl and his son, whom he hath left in his stead. Would to heaven, you were no longer associated with young Lord Thomas!"

"Lord Thomas is a brave and generous gentleman," cried the knight; "his father, the Earl, was my youth's friend and protector; their noble house has ever been allied both by blood and mutual service to mine own, and I were a recreant and base churl to shrink from their quarrel, whether it be with bishop or king! Forgive me again, sweet Ellen, that I forget your father's friendship for the Primate in my own love and loyalty to the bold Geraldine."

"Ellen Dudley yielded him her hand in token of the easily accorded pardon; but the truth was, she had spoken as much on the impulse of her judgment as of her

feelings, and an involuntary predilection for the cause of her lover's friends, was already converting her forgiveness to sympathy, if not approval, when her father appeared at the upper end of the garden coming towards them from the house.

"Paul Dudley was an aged man, of a careful aspect, attired in sad coloured apparel somewhat faded, such as a rich citizen could afford to gratify his humility on. He advanced, and welcomed his elected son-in-law, with a grave cordiality suitable to his age and character: 'Sir John, thou art welcome,' he said; 'I am heartily glad to see thee again. Thou wilt excuse my delay, for I had with me certain contractors, when I heard of thy arrival, whom I might not sooner leave. Ellen, my child, go gather a dish of cherries, while I and Sir John fetch a walk here in the sunshine.'

"Ellen retired with a glance of glad meaning at her lover, and the knight and merchant walked arm-in-arm down the garden. 'Sir John,' said Dudley, 'I am a man of few words. When my daughter marries, I mean that she shall be lodged as suits the station of a lady; mine is a spare and frugal household, and would ill suit a nobleman's necessary retinue. I have, therefore, purchased a more commodious dwelling, with lands enough for its honourable maintenance, which shall be thine on thy wedding-day. Disert Castle is a strong pile, and I look to see it well manned against the Irish. The chief service of thy tenure will be to protect the Archbishop's rangers, and furnish a riding-out of twenty horsemen yearly, on Saint John's day, to the prior of Kilmaham.'

"Master Dudley,' said the knight, 'I will be frank with thee; when friends were scarcest with my father, the Earl of Kildare stood by him with purse and countenance, aye, even to the peril of his own head; when I was left an orphan he had me cared for as if I had been his own son; by his bounty I am educated as becomes my birth; from his honoured hand I hold my degree of knighthood. I cannot render service to the enemies of such a benefactor. On my honour, Master Dudley, it gives me pain to seem thus disposed to cavil at thy most generous proffer; but if thine own father had had so true a friend, and that friend so bitter an enemy, say, couldst thou thyself, if sought to take such service, act otherwise?'

"Say no more, Sir John—say no more—the tenure shall be altered; thou shalt hold *in capite*, and serve none but the king. I am not a man to be easily moved from my purpose; yet surely I can see a hardship, and peradventure feel for an honourable scruple; nay, I would the more readily redress the one, Sir John, because I respect the other."

"The merchant spoke with an honest sincerity which could not be mistaken; a tear glistened in the knight's eye as he grasped his hand—'Master Dudley, I thank thee from my heart. By my honour, I am even more beholden to thee for this consideration than for the bounty it confirms. I will hold Disert for the king right joyfully; aye, and call me churl if I keep not such goodly garrison as will make the passes of the pale, when thou shalt come to see me, as safe for thy trotting nag as the highway over Hoggin Green.'

"Enough," said Dudley, 'I know well that thou bearst no ungrateful mind; but there is another matter touching which I would now talk with thee. Thou art young and ardent; when there are as many grey hairs in thy beard as in mine, thou wilt not hold thy manhood's interest so light when weighed against thy youth's friendships; but I am not accustomed to waste words on idle hints; I will tell thee plainly, thy attachment to Kildare and his faction will plague thee yet, if you keep it not in more discreet bounds. The Earl, I tell thee, is in disgrace at court; his son, our ruffling Deputy, has offended every lord of the council here, by his pride and violence; not a day passes without injury and complaint; the king is enraged against both father and son, and Sir William Skeffington is striving hard to get the sword of office to himself. Now, I will not say to thee, as others might, that a wise man should keep clear of a falling house, and that thou oughtest to desert thy friends in this extremity: for I think there is in thee that constancy and nobility of nature which would spurn so unworthy a course, even if I

did give thee that base advice. No; if by the reverse of fortune Lord Thomas or his father stand in need of such help as one of thy estate may lawfully bestow, spare not my coffers in their service; for I would not have a child of mine lie under painful obligation where gold might lighten the burthen on his mind; but what I ask of thee is this—while thou shrinkest not from rendering all the kindly gratitude and lawful aid that a man may yield to his benefactor, without trenching on his duty to his king, shun the society of these rebellious conspirators who surround Lord Thomas, keep thy allegiance free from all contamination of traitorous suggestions; but, above all, if the frantic pride of the young Deputy do drive him into open treason, let no power of mistaken friendship or chivalrous devotion persuade thee for a moment to lend countenance or countenance to an attempt so desperate!—I am a peaceful man, loyal to the king, and desirous of good order in the state; thou art about to become my son, and the successor to my riches; do what reasonable, what lawful friendship requires, but bring not destruction on an honest house, and disgrace on the grey hairs of one who is willing to love thee as his own son!'

"On my honour, Master Dudley, I know not why thou shouldst distrust my loyalty. I am the servant of the king; I have both given and taken hard blows under his banner; against whom have I ever fought, if not against his enemies? God forbid that my noble benefactor should ever need the service of my sword against our common Sovereign; but, by your hand, Master Dudley, this is some calumny of the Earl spread by his and the Lord Thomas's enemies. I never heard of other design among either them or their retainers, than to support the royal authority, or defend themselves against their private enemies; and I freely promise thee I will not strike a stroke on their behalf in any other quarrel.'

"It is enough," said the merchant, 'I trust to thine own candour and generosity; there is that in my heart which tells me thou wilt not deceive me.'

"A man overwhelmed with obligation must make his promises with as bad a grace as his acknowledgments; I can but say, Master Dudley, I thank thee, and will do my best to show myself not unworthy of thy good opinion.'

"And that is all I ask," cried Dudley; 'I am now satisfied in all things. Go to my daughter, Sir John, and settle what day you please to end the wooing. God bless them both!' he exclaimed, as the knight disappeared down the green alley which led to the orchard; 'and God be praised who has bountifully given me two such children to bless! Surely my heart should be at ease at last. Here are the two now dearest to me in this world happy; all around me is pleasant and cheerful—strange! I have not marked the singing of the birds for many a year until to-day! Ah, Paul Dudley, what hast thou been dreaming of so long, not to know what a comfort thou hadst at hand at the sunny walks of thine own garden? By my faith, I feel young, I cannot tell how. What need have I of a staff?—lie there, thou halt companion!—and he cast away his gold-headed cane, and walked up and down, smoothing the grey locks from his forehead and turning up his face to the breeze with a long, unwonted sense of buoyant enjoyment.

"The tramp of horses sounding from the street roused Dudley from a train of happier anticipations than had perhaps occupied his thoughts since the eve of his own nuptials; but ere he had inquired who were the new comers, his child and destined son were seen approaching.

"Oh, my dear father," cried Ellen, as he folded her fondly in his arms, 'how can we thank thee for all thy goodness?' and she hid her blushing face on his breast.

"Love each other, my children," cried the happy old man, 'love each other, and I am well repaid!' So saying he joined their hands, and blessed them fervently.

"It was while Paul Dudley was thus ratifying his approval of his daughter's marriage, that an armed man advanced from the house towards the arbour, in front of which they stood. Whether it was that his aspect was habitually forbidding, or that he disliked his present errand, the stranger wore a black look from the moment he entered the garden; but when, on turning into the walk

that gave him a full view of the scene before the summer-house, he caught the first glance of Ellen Dudley, in the arms of another, and her father standing by, he stopped for a moment, and drew back as if his eyes had been blasted—gripping to his dagger, and actually reeling, like a man stunned by a heavy blow. In an instant, however, he recovered himself: his hand slid down from his belt, and his brow relaxed into comparative smoothness: still, as he advanced, there was a cloud on his dark features, and an inequality in his step, that told of the recent fit of passion. When Dudley saw him coming towards them, he advanced to meet him, although, from the evident dislike that marked his manner, he was plainly more for the sake of taking his scowling eyes off the knight and lady, than from any wish to show him a marked courtesy.

“‘Master Perez,’ said he, ‘I bid thee a good morrow: hast thou any commands for me?’”

“‘I come, Master Dudley,’ replied the ominous stranger, ‘on an errand that will not much increase thy love for me. I bear a packet for the hands of yonder knight, whom I have sought in vain at guard-room and barban, and now find toying with fair damsels in thy arbour. I have besides a message, by word of mouth, for Sir John Talbot.’”

“‘Ah, Master Perez,’ said the merchant, ‘thou art the man to do thy errand, without scruple for place or time. But go on, man; give the knight the letter, and say what thou hast to say; for, though I be hurried, yet I would have thee take a cup of wine with me before thou goest, till I tell thee of some danger to thy friends that it behoves thee to know.’”

“‘I thank thee, Master Dudley,’ said Perez; ‘but no wine shall cross my lips to-day; and as for the Lord Deputy’s danger, let his enemies look to themselves.’” With this churlish answer on his lips, he advanced to the knight, and said, ‘I have sought thee in vain, Sir John, both at the Newgate and at thy company’s quarters, and would not have broken in on thy privacy here, had my orders not been so urgent as they are. The Lord Thomas Fitzgerald commends him to thee, and sends thee for thy perusal this letter, which Sir John de la Hyde had this morning of him to whom it is addressed—a friar, whose friend writes from London, as thou mayest read.’”

“As Perez spoke, his eyes were fixed on Sir John Talbot with an expression of mixed malignity and triumph. The knight bent a fixed glance on him, in return, as he took the packet from his hands; but was soon too deeply interested in its contents to care whether his angry rival scowled or smiled upon him. But scarcely had he read half through the first page, when the colour fled from his cheeks, and large drops of perspiration burst out over his forehead. ‘Perez!’ he cried, and gasped a moment for utterance; then, as the blood rushed back to his brow, he seized the messenger fiercely by the arm—‘Perez! if I thought you came here to triumph over my ruin, I would instantly despatch thee.’”

“‘I came here to do my duty, Sir John Talbot,’ replied Perez, subduing a coarse smile that was already beginning to attest how much he enjoyed the agony of his rival; ‘and, that duty done, I wait to know whether thou art equally prepared to do thine.’”

“‘Thou, at least, shalt never report me a recreant!’ cried Talbot. ‘Leave me: I know what thou wouldst say: I will be with Lord Thomas in an hour.’”

“‘An hour, Sir John! My Lord did not expect to find his friends so slack at this pinch.’”

“‘Perez, leave me. You have your revenge: you see me ruined. If there be a heart in your breast, stay not here to torture me! if you love your life, Christopher Perez, go! I will follow you.’”

“Perez’s eye glanced for a moment to the arbour, where Ellen Dudley had sunk, pale as ashes, on a seat: but, at a motion of the knight’s hand to his dagger, accompanying a fiercer repetition of the command to withdraw, he turned sullenly upon his heel, and retired. Talbot’s energy, before which the ignoble nature of Perez had thus quailed, deserted him as he turned to the arbour, where Ellen Dudley, with a beating heart, awaited the issue of their ominous conference. She rose in alarm as he entered.—

Thou art pale, Sir John; thy hands are cold as ice.

Mother of mercy! what has the wretch done to make thee look so ghastly?”

“‘Ellen, I am a ruined man! They have murdered the Earl.’”

“‘Who have murdered? what Earl? for pity’s sake, do not look so!’”

“‘The King has murdered the Earl of Kildare, Ellen; and Lord Thomas has—has sent to let me know.’”

“She laid her hand on his, which was clenched and convulsively pressed on his knee. ‘Oh, Sir John,’ she said, ‘believe me how well I feel for thy affliction; but take comfort; it pains my heart to see thee grieve so sorely: perhaps this news may be untrue.’”

“‘No, no, Ellen; it is all too sure: it has been too long and too deeply planned to leave any chance of failure when the blow was to be struck. The letter is positive; Kildare was beheaded in the tower on Saint Swithin’s eve.’”

“‘Alas, what had they against him? was he not ever a loyal subject of the king?’”

“‘Treason, Ellen; they charged him with treason, which his heart could no more conceive than it could malice or untruth. But I cannot talk of this now: my soul cries for vengeance within me when I think of it.’”

“‘Dear Sir John,’ said Ellen, ‘I feel, and from my heart I deplore, this misfortune; but do not, I beseech you, look so despairingly: you have lost a generous benefactor; but believe me, you have found new friends, if not so noble or so powerful, fully as willing to serve and love you.’”

“‘Ellen, I have lost both.’”

“‘Oh, no, no; say not so; do me not that wrong; do not so wrong my father.’”

“‘If I have done you wrong, Ellen, you are the truest hearted, but alas, the most hapless maiden that ever clung to man in his misfortunes! You know not to whom you would vow your fidelity. Yet I call heaven to witness that nothing short of this could have driven me to be what I am. It was murder, cold-blooded and cruel murder; and if ever rebellion was justified before heaven, it is ours against that treacherous and cowardly tyrant, who has thus wantonly spilled the blood of the kindest and most gallant gentleman that ever drew sword in his ungrateful cause.’—She looked piteously in his face, and burst into tears.—‘You may weep now, Ellen; the worst is told—I am a rebel. The friends of my slaughtered benefactor are up in arms, and I will not fail them in this extremity. God, who knows my heart, knows with what grief and wretchedness my soul is filled since I made up my mind to leave you—you, who were my comfort in all sorrow before, on whom every hope that I had to cheer me in this world was fixed—for, Ellen, I feel at this moment that I have loved you far more dearly than the thoughts of a man who has not felt such grief as mine to-day could ever have conceived. Dear, indeed, as my own soul, far, far dearer than my life, is the love of Ellen Dudley in my heart’s core for ever. But, Ellen, my love were worthless and unworthy, and I a wretch debased in the eyes of all brave men, if I loved not honour better than either life or love. I go, Ellen, dearest; I must leave you—I may never press these lips again; I may never again fold that true heart to mine! Speak, my beloved; tell me, are you then lost to me for ever?’”

“‘Never, dearest! I will never forsake you,’ she murmured through her sobbing—he clasped her closer to his breast, and bent over her, kissing away her tears.

“At this moment voices sounded from the garden. ‘I tell thee Sir, Sir John cannot have said so! It is scarce half an hour since he promised me with his own lips to abjure for ever the broils and treasons of thy turbulent faction.’ It was Paul Dudley, high in wrath, disputing the passage of Perez to the arbour. When the lovers heard their voices, they tore themselves asunder. Ellen sat down, almost fainting, in the green recess; but Talbot came forth, prepared to go through with the sacrifice—for he felt that it was little better—come what might.

“‘Sir John Talbot,’ cried Dudley, when he saw him, ‘here is a traitor in arms against the king, avowing his rebellion, and seeking to implicate thee in the same villainy; nay, boasting that thou art his abettor in the treason.’”

"There is little in common between me and Master Parez," replied Talbot; "yet in this cause we are companions."

"In what cause, Sir John? What means this con-  
niving between thee and an open rebel?"

"Master Dudley, Master Dudley," cried Talbot, "knowest thou that the noble Earl of Kildare is basely murdered by that arch-heretic and cruel tyrant, who was yesterday my king; and dost thou marvel that I am in arms for vengeance on my benefactor's enemies?"

"If thou be in arms against the Royal Majesty, thou art a forsworn traitor, Sir John Talbot!" cried Dudley: "thou hast deceived me, and villain, thou hast stolen the affections and ruined the peace of my child! for with my own hands I would rather strangle her, than see her wedded to an outlawed robber, as thou and thy traitorous associate will shortly be. Ho, Giles and Watkin, Jeniko and Gregory! stand by your master, ye knaves; lay hands on the rebels—ten pieces of gold to him who secures the traitor Talbot!" and, weaponless as he was, he threw himself upon the armed knight as boldly as if he had himself been cased in steel and bounding in the vigor of youth: but his men, seeing the house surrounded by Parez's troop, and confident that, however their enraged master might rave against his old favourite, he did not at heart desire his injury, held back; and the weak old man, exhausted by contending emotions, and overcome by unusual personal exertion, fell, almost powerless, into the arms of him whom he had sought to pull to the ground.

"Forgive me, Master Dudley; forgive me, my father!" cried Talbot, as he consigned the tottering merchant to the arms of his daughter, who had come from her retreat the moment she heard her father's voice summoning his servants to ineffectual violence, and now half forgot her own grief in alarm for her parent's safety.

"When Dudley heard himself called by the name of father, and saw the knight, when that appeal obtained no answer, turn away as if he could not bear the contemplation of his humiliating helplessness, he was stirred with strong feelings of affection and pity. 'Come back, come back, and I will forgive thee every thing,' he cried, while tears burst from his eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion. 'Thou art still my son, if thou wilt but shun thine own destruction. Return, return to thy allegiance; it is not yet too late to repent and save thyself! Oh, Sir John, for thine own sake, for pity to my grey hairs, and, as a last appeal, as thou wouldst not break the heart of this innocent girl, do not yield to this madness, to this fearful and dishonouring sin!'

"May God have pity on me!" cried Talbot: "this is a sore trial to put a man's heart to."

"Give the word to mount," cried Parez, who had stood silent through the scene, but now spoke loudly and scornfully. "What answer shall I bear to Lord Thomas, Sir John Talbot? Shall I say that you refuse to join?"

"You shall bear no base account of me to-day!" cried the unhappy gentleman, and without trusting himself with another look at the wretched two he left behind, hurried to the court-yard, where a horse stood ready saddled for his use."

(To be continued.)

#### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.\*

This is a little work very much to our mind. Its object is, we are informed, "to render the study of that portion of nature of which it treats more inviting, more easy, and more instructive, especially to the young, and still more especially to those who devote the intervals of business or labour to that most delightful of all sports—self-improvement, but who may not have the means of procuring, or time for studying, works of greater magnitude and more lofty pretensions."

We have more than once before, in noticing works of a similar genus, taken occasion to state our opinion as to the description of books best calculated to induce the

young and the uninformed, not only to commence, but to continue, the acquisition of Natural History; and we perfectly agree in opinion with our author, that "very many, if not all, of our introductory works, not on this particular branch of knowledge only, but on every branch, go the wrong way to work, and by this means, instead of removing the difficulties which belong to the subject, encumber it with many others, which arise entirely from the mode of treating it."

There can be no question, speaking generally of all classes, that to induce all to *learn* that which is useful, "the natural desire for knowledge has only to be preserved alive, and enticed by that which is pleasant: all will learn, not only voluntarily, but in spite of opposition."

That such would be the case, if the young were not sickened with mechanical trifles in which there is no occupation for the mind, and condemned to drudge at that in which they can see no usefulness and find no pleasure, is not only probable, but demonstrated in the cases of those who have been spared the weariness of the spirit, and also saved from those errors into which the unoccupied minds of the young are so prone to fall."

And that such is the object of the little work before us, is obvious; we therefore recommend it to all who are anxious to obtain an easy introduction to the delightful study of Natural History.

#### THE ROSE.

*Air*—"My heart and lute."

The rose, the sweetly scented rose,  
The pride of summer's bloom—  
Beyond all other flow'rs it glows  
In beauty and perfume.  
'Tis come in hey-day loveliness,  
In all its bright array;  
While summer's smiles of radiance bless,  
And ev'ry scene is gay.

Meet type of tend'rest feeling, all  
That vivid feeling warms,  
All hearts alive to beauty's call,  
Must own thy graceful charms.  
I hail thee, queen of lovely flowers—  
"The light that gilds the page"  
Of nature's bland and florid hours,  
Proclaim'd from age to age.

Besides thy bloom's most beauteous glow,  
Or yet thy fragrant spell,  
I've reason why I love thee so,  
Sweet rose, that I'll not tell.  
Reign o'er my bower, thou peerless gem,  
That bygone joys recall;  
The tide of thought 'twere vain to stem—  
I own its magic thrall.

Dear, dear to mem'ry is the spread  
Of thy young beauty's tint;  
Though youthful bliss, alas! be fled,  
How sweet the bright imprint.  
Then hail, my charming, lovely rose!  
The pride of summer's bloom!  
Thou art the dearest flower that blows,  
For beauty and perfume.

C. M. C.

*Kilkenny.*

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\* The Natural History of Birds. By Robert Mudie.—London: Orr and Smith, Paternoster-row.